Miscellaneous.

LONG AFTERWARDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Your coldness hurts Mrs. Lincoln," said one lady to another.

"I'm sorry," answered the lady to whom the remark was addressed; but the admission of regret was not made with any feeling.

"Why do you treat her with a distant reserve, Mrs. Arnold? I've noticed this a number of times. She's an excellent lady. We all like her exceedingly."

The eyes of Mrs. Arnold fell to the floor, her face became grave.

"I wonder that you do not fancy Mrs. Lincoln. She's a lovely character—so intelligent, so refined, and with such a sweet spirit towards every one. The fault must be in yourself, if there is any natural repulsion."

It was an intimate friend who spoke, and the closing sentence was uttered with a smile.

"In that you may be right," said Mrs. Arnold, half smiling in return.

"Then there is a felt repulsion?"

"Yes."

"I call that singular. To me it seems that you were born for friends. Your tastes and sympathies ran in the same direction: and you are interested in the same general subjects. I am sure if you knew each other as well as I know you both, you would become closely knit together in friendship. I must get you into a nearer relation to Mrs. Lincoln."

"I would prefer remaining at my present distance," replied Mrs. Arnold.

"Why? There must be a reason for this."

"I don't like her."

"Mrs. Arnold! I'm surprised to hear you speak so decidedly. Mrs. Lincoln admires you; I've I've heard her say so, often; and wants to know you more intimately than she does now.

"That she never will, I'm thinking!"

Mrs. Arnold's brows began to gather darkly.

"What's the matter? What do you know about Mrs. Lincoln, that sets her beyond the limit of your friendly acquaintence?"

"The truth is," said Mrs. Arnold, "I've got an old grudge against her. There was a time when it would not gratify her social pride to call me her friend—and she treated me accordingly. She was a woman when I was a child."

"Well—go on."

Mrs. Arnold had paused, for she was conscious that her cheeks were burning—that her voice was losing its steadiness of tone.

"Perhaps I had as well keep silent," she said. "The subject is not a pleasant one."

"Go on, now. You have excited my curiosity. I would like to know exactly how you stand with Mrs. Lincoln."

"There may be a pride and weakness in the case," returned Mrs. Arnold, "But no matter. Thus it stands: I was a quick, intelligent child, but very sensitive. Mrs. Lincoln visited my mother, and I often met her in the parlor, when company was present. She was a beautiful talker, and it was one of my greatest pleasures to sit and listen. I was really fascinated with her; and I thought her the loveliest lady I had ever seen.—One day when she was at our house, I sat listening to her conversation that was passing between her and some other friend of my mother's drinking in, I apprehend, a great deal more than was imagined, and drinking it in with delight. My mother had left the room for some purpose. While she was absent, Mrs. Lincoln, in speaking of prevalent human weaknesses, quoted a couplet from Pope:

"The love of Praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in every Heart."

Now I had read largely in Pope, and held in memory a great many of his terse maxims. Every word of this couplet was familiar, and my ear instantly detected one wrong word in the quotation. In my childish ardor and artlessness, I said, looking into Mrs. Lincoln's face:

"It is *reigns*, ma'am."

Her eyes turned, flashing on me, in an instant, and with an angry face, she said:

"You've forgotten yourself, Miss Pert! Children should be seen, not heard."

She never saw or heard me in the parlor again. I went out with hot cheeks and heart full of pain and bitterness. I was sensitive to a fault, and this rebuke—so unjustly given—hurt me to a degree that few would imagine. I never mentioned it to my mother, nor, indeed, to any living soul before this time; and it is over twenty years since the slight occurrence. My pride was deeply wounded. She had said these cruel words before two or three other ladies in whose good opinion I wished to stand well; and as a child I could not look them in the face again. From how much pleasure and instruction was I shut out from that time. Before, I had been anxious to meet my mother's intelligent friends; now, I kept myself out of sight as much as possible, when we had company, for either Mrs. Lincoln, or some one of the ladies who had been present when she rebuked me, was almost sure to be of the number.

It has so happened, that since I became a woman Mrs. Lincoln and I have, until recently, moved in different circles. I grew up, out of her observation and married. It is more than probable that she has entirely forgotten the incident which burnt into my childish memory—may not now remember me as the daughter of her old friend. But I have not forgotten, and can never forget. Grown people fail to remember, in their treatment of children, that boys and girls have memories, and that boys and girls, in a few years, become men and women.

And now, my friend, you have the secret of my repugnance to Mrs. Lincoln. She pushed me away from her once; but she will never have a second opportunity."

"The child's resentments should not accompany into after life, the memory," said the friend, as Mrs. Arnold ceased. "Mrs. Lincoln spoke from a sudden sense of wounded pride, and no doubt repented in the next calm moment. Your mature reason, your observation, and your acquired self-knowledge, should set you right in this matter. It was not the best side of her nature that presented itself then, but the worst side perhaps. I have my worst side, and show it, sometime, to other people, and it is just the same with you. But neither of us would like this worst side to govern common estimation. No—no, my friend. You are wrong in letting that old grudge, as you call it, remain.

'Forgive and forget.' Why, the world would be
lonely,
The garden a Wilderness left to deform,
If the flowers but remembered the chilling winds
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the
storm."

"I shall let her go her way through the world," replied Mrs. Arnold coldly. "It is wide enough for us both. That I have not sought to harm her, you will see in the fact that I have never spoken of this before; and I have done so now under a kind of compulsion. But I can never feel pleasant in her company and shall, therefore, keep her at a distance."

A few days after this conversation, the lady friend who had talked with Mrs. Arnold, was sitting in company with Mrs. Lincoln. Conversation passed from theme to theme, when, at what seemed a fitting moment, the lady said:

"Do you remember this incident of years ago? You made a quotation from a well known poet, and a little girl corrected you in a single word."

A flash of interest went over the face of Mrs. Lincoln.

"Yes, I remember it well."

"And what you said to her?"

"I do; and as one of the regretted things of my life. She was a dear little girl; sweet tempered and intelligent—but a little forward, and apt to put in a word now and then, in so mature a way, that innocence on her part some-times seemed like forwardness. Yes; I remember her correction, and that I lost temper, and called her Miss Pert and I don't know what else. I was sorry and ashamed the next moment. That she felt it keenly I know, for always after that, she was so cold and distant that I could hardly get a word with her. But that was twenty years ago. Her mother died while she was still young, and she then passed from my observation. How came you to know of this?"

"I had the story from her own lips."

"When?"

"Only a few days since."

"And she carried the memory of that hasty rebuke rankling in her heart ever since?"

There was a tone of sadness in the voice of Mrs. Lincoln.

"Ever since," said the lady. "It hurt her sensitive pride to a degree that made forgetfulness impossible; and hurts her still."

"Ah, if we could recall our hasty words, so as to take away their power to do harm, what a blessed thing it would be! But an impulse once given cannot die. If it moves to do good, happy are they who set it in motion—if to evil, alas! alas!—I set an evil impulse in motion, and it is hurting still. But where is she? I must bring her, if possible, into a better state of mind."

"You have met Mrs. Arnold."

"Mrs. Arnold! Can it be possible? Surely she is not the daughter of my old friend Mrs. Willis. She is not the little Emily I have thought of so many times, and always with a troubled memory of heart."

"The same," was answered.

"And in all these years she has not forgotten nor forgiven my fault. I must have wounded her sorely?"

"You did. Her's seems to be one of those proudly sensitive natures into which all impressions go deeply. I asked her why she kept herself at such a distance from you. But she avoided a direct answer at the same time intimating a state of repulsion. I pressed for the reason, and she gave it rather reluctantly, avering, at the same time, that she had never opened her lips on the subject in all her life before—not even to her mother."

"Extraordinary! I could not have believed that an impression made on a child's mind, would remain in such distinctiveness and force through so many years. What a lesson it is?"

"I wish it were possible for you to get near her, Mrs. Lincoln, and let her feel how kind a heart you have. She has admirable qualities. And I am sure that if this barrier were removed, you would be fast friends."

"Oh, it must be removed," said Mrs. Lincoln. "Now that I know of its existence, I will have no peace until it is level with the earth. It was my hands that builded it, and my hands shall take down every stone of separation.

"There's a lady in the parlor," said the servant, coming to the door, of Mrs. Arnold's room. "And here is a card, ma'am." Mrs. Anold took the card and read the name of Mrs. Lincoln. She stood, for some time irresolute. It was on her lips to say—"Ask her to excuse me. I am engaged."—And moreover, since her communication to a friend who had spoken so favorably of Mrs. Lincoln, she had felt less satisfied with herself. It did seem like a vindictive spirit to cherish ill will through so many years.

"Say that *I* will be down in a few minutes."

It cost her an effort to utter this; but it was said, the meeting must take place. She sat in quite a disturbed state for some time, before venturing to go down stairs. Then, with what self possession she could assume, she went to meet the woman, who twenty years ago, wounded her so deeply that the pain had not died out of her consciousness.

The two ladies stood face to face, and hand in hand. The name of Mrs. Arnold had been spoken warmly; that of Mrs. Lincoln with an almost repellent coldness. There was a few moments of silence. Mrs. Lincoln said—

"Your mother was my best friend. I loved her as a sister. Will you for her sake, forgive the cruel words that hurt pride sent thoughtlessly from my lips—words repented of almost as soon as spoken, and regretted many, many times?"

The voice of Mrs. Lincoln trembled with the deep feeling that was in her heart.

"Oh if I had dreamed of their power to hurt so deeply, I would have sought, years ago to repair the wrong."

This was unexpected. There was no time to re-construct the barrier which Mrs. Lincoln had so suddenly thrown down. No time to gather up the broken chain of ill-will and unite the links.—The tender and true in Mrs. Arnold's heart responded. She was so softened to tears. Her mother's name had touched her like a talisman.

"My best friend; I loved her as a sister."—These words disarmed her.

"Let the past be forgotten!" she answered resolutely, as she closed her hand tightly on the hand that was clasping hers.

"Forgotten and forgiven both, my dear Mrs. Arnold, so that we may be friends in the true acceptation of the word. My heart, even without recognizing you has been drawing towards you steadily. It perceived in you something congenial. And now, may I not receive from your lips a kiss of forgiveness?"

Mrs. Arnold bent towards her,

"Let it be genuine," said Mrs. Lincoln.

And it was. In that kiss the old pain of wounded pride was extinguished. How long it had rankled there?

A single hasty, ill-spoken word, what years of bitterness may it not give to some weak heart?—We may fling out hard sentences, in the heat of sudden anger, that may hurt like hammer strokes; and, in most cases, forget that such blows were given. But they have made memory, against us, retentive by pain.

From the Springfield Republican.

MRS. PEACOCK'S PHILOSOPHY.

As I sez to Mr. Peacock, Mr. Peacock sez I, it 'taint no use makin' words ever what can't be helped. Married folks don't ought to find fault with each other. It don't do no good. They take each other for better or for worse, and if they find it's for worse, it don't make it better to go through the world growlin' and grumblin'. For my part, I think it's a great deal better to make the best of folks, instead of the worst on 'em. If they see you remember the good in them, they feel kind o' encouraged and keep growin' better and better; but if you keep talkin' of the bad, why, they grow discouraged and think there ain't a bit o' use tryin'. As I sez to Mr. Peacock, Mr. Peacock sez I, you needn't 'a married me if you didn't want to, of course you needn't; you might have married Susan Slasher; she wanted you bad enough, mercy knows. I needn't have married you, of course I needn't. Wasn't young 'Squire Tim dead in love with me. Didn't he look jest as if he were meltin' whenever I kem round? Didn't I look straight ahead, dre'ful unconscious, jest as if nothin ailed him? and all from principle? I wasn't goin to encourage him jest to disappoint him, and make him take pisen, for wasn't I in love with you, Mr. Peacock? Didn't I have lots of lovers? I, Seropty Ann Green, of Greentown, and never looked at any of them, because I loved you, Mr. Peacock. But, sez I, suppose I had married 'Squire Tim, and you'd married Susan Slasher. Susan wouldn't have had my faults, of course she wouldn't, but she'd a had her own. And sez I, Mr. Peacock, you wouldn't have liked her faults any better than you like mine. I know Susan is a cut-and-dash sort of a woman; she'd a put the work through faster than I do, like enough; but would she have given her life away to you, children as I do, Mr. Peacock? No, you know she wouldn't. Has she got my elevated mind? No, you know she hasn't—and my taste for literature? No, you know she hasn't. But she's got a higher head, that you know Mr. Peacock. She'd a taken her own way by storm, not quietly as I do, that you know Mr. Peacock. And there's 'Squire Tim—I 'spect he's as many faults as you have, Mr. Peacock, if I only knew 'em—you're a dre'ful trial to me sometimes, Mr. Peacock; scoldin' around, but I love you better, than a thousand 'Squire Tim's. Pity if I don't. And if you squint a little, I ain't goin' to look at you till you squint worse, or till I see nothin' but squint; and you mustn't stare at the wart on my chin till it covers my face. That's what I say to Mr. Peacock, young ladies, and it's just as good for you to hear. Only when you get married, be sure you marry for love, and for nothin' else, and everything will come out right.

COURTING BY TELEGRAPH.

Everybody knows that for the last few years, telegraph companies in England have employed females in the instrument department, of some of their principal stations. The work is light and clean, and very well adapted for young ladies.—Most of them acquire the art of telegraphing in a very short time, and there are now, in the service, many who are able to send and receive messages as well as the best of the male staff. Young ladies are much the same everywhere, and it would, of course, be next to impossible for them to remain any length of time in a room without desiring to hold a fair amount of conversation. As the nature of their employment demands that for the greater part of the time they are at the office they must sit at the instrument to which they are appointed, they cannot very well hold conversation with their companions. So when a circuit happens to be slack, the young lady who has charge of it, finds a great deal of relief in speaking to the clerks at the other end of the wire. After I had been some time in the service, and was supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the work, I was appointed to a station which I do not wish to be known by any other name than Merton. After I had introduced myself to those who were to be my fellow clerks, I took possession of the instrument appropriated to me, and, as usual, inquired the name of the lady with whom I was to work. Quick as thought, I received for answer, "Amy Watson. Who are you?" Having given my name and the station from which I had come, we entered into conversation upon general subjects, such as the weather, descriptions of different towns through which we had passed, etc. I soon found that in addition to being an excellent hand at telegraphing, my fair correspondent was very entertaining in conversation; and it was easy to discover from the way in which she acted during a press of business, that she was of a very amiable disposition. These conversations went on for some time, till at length I was miserably dull when away from the instrument, and always eager to discharge, as quickly as possible, those duties which occasionally called me away, so that I might return to speak to Amy. I was most anxious to see the being who exercised such an influence over me, and at length, after much persuasion, and having obtained the consent of her widowed mother, we exchanged portraits. If I was in love before, I was doubly so now. Having obtained the likeness, I was more eager than ever to see the original. To hear the sound of her voice—which I was sure, from the expression of her face in the portrait, was soft and sweet—to see her smile on me, and to gaze into her large, bright, blue eyes, seemed to me the objects most to be desired of any in the world. I applied for, and obtained, leave of absence for a fortnight, and instantly proceeded to N——. We met; and everything that I had pictured was as naught compared to the beauty and amiability of the original. Before I left, we were engaged to be married; and three months afterward, having obtained, through the kindness of my superior officer, a transfer from Merton to N——, Amy Watson changed her name for mine. Since then we have lived happily, for we are still lovers, and have never had cause to regret that the principal part of our love making was by telegraph.

☞ Persons of weak judgment condemn fairy tales as "trash, unfit for children." No properly balanced mind can subsist on bare facts; they must be varied by fancies as the landscape by lights and shades. The rainbow, spanning cloud or cataract is not tangible; the frost pictures on the pane are unreal and evanescent; the world that trembles in the dew-drop does not *exist* therein; the hues of the flowers, even—what are they but the fantasies of light? These are nature's fairy tales; yet in all her fictions she hides realities; and from the creations of the imagination truths exhale, as perfumes from the lily and the rose!

He who writes against the abuses of the age in which he lives, must depend on the generosity of the few for his bread and the malice of the many for his fame.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

THE GOLDHEADED CANE.

BY WILLIAM HICK.

How fallen my country! thy banner how torn!
Thy statesmen and heroes no longer bare sway!
The Stars and the Stripes are a byword of scorn;
And the "Model Republic" has faded away.
No wonder thy greatness the nations discard,
When the vicious alone are exalted to reign;
When the blackguard and bully obtains for reward,
Instead of halter—a Goldheaded Cane.

Oh! where are thy Patriots for leaders—all fled?
Thy sons of true genius—of virtue the life?
Are the stern and the staunch with the pale-sheeted dead,
Or lost in the tempest of faction and strife?
Yes, the vultures of slavery spread the broad wing,
And flap the dark poison on all that remain;
For its votaries alone of their honors may sing,
And wear the reward of—a Goldheaded Cane.

All goodness is lost in the Despot's loud yell!
Are the furies let loose from the realms of the damn'd?
There's a fate ever threatening—cruel as hell—
Unless you're a serf to the manstealing band.
"Obey!"—is the word of such—"Powers that Be."
"Be hearty good-fellows our cause to maintain!
Put down Abolition's demand to be free!
And bear off the laurel—a Goldheaded Cane."

"Strike home on the heads of the Sumners remaining!
Shoot Giddings and Wade, let the Chases but fall—
Cut away with your knives and keep on with your canceing,
And the slave-roll on Bunker, the South shall yet call!
Up, up with Flag of the Fugitive Slave Law!
Let it wave o'er the North until freedom shall wane!
And the South shall reward the abettors of Knave Law,
With medals and many—a Goldheaded Cane!"

Hold! the world shall yet see it—there's mettle for moulding!
The dead and the sleepy shall boldly arise!
For the brave Flag of Freedom is newly unfolding,
And shall wave in the breeze of our sunshiny skies.
The falchion of Garrison flashes around him,
And such logic as Phillip's the battle will gain;
While the big soul of Smith with the hosts that surround him,
Shall scatter those knights of—the Goldheaded Cane!

Then success to the Slaveholding States for secession!
O God! may their blindness and madness increase!
Till the great "*Hill of thieves*" in its rankest oppression,
Shall burn and consume of its leprose disease.
Let the North take its hand from the throat of the slave man—
Nor act as a shield for his master again,
And the world shall soon know that the Black is the brave man;
And not those whose deeds win—the Goldheaded Cane.

Till then, O my Country! thy banner how torn!
Thy daughters must weep at the manstealers' sway!
While the *stars* and the *stripes* are a byeword of scorn,
And the "*Model Republic*"—has faded away!
For no wonder thy greatness the nations discard!
When the vicious alone are exalted to reign!
When the blackguard and bully obtain for reward,
Instead of a halter—*a Goldheaded Cane.*

From the London Punch, January 12.

MR. PUNCH ON SECESSION.

Secede, ye southern states, secede,
No better plan could be,
If you of niggers would be freed,
To set your niggers free.
Runaway slaves by federal law
At present you reclaim;
So from the Union straight withdraw,
And play the freesoil game.

What, when you've once the knot untied,
Will bind the northern men?
And who'll resign to your cowhide
The fugitives again?
Absquatulate, then, slick as grease,
And break up Unity,
Or take your *President* in peace,
And eat your humble pie.

But if your stomachs proud disdain
That salutary meal,
And you, in passion worse than vain,
Must rend the Commonweal,
Then all mankind will jest and scoff
At people in the case
Of him that hastily cut off
His nose to spite his face.

Scotch Dialogue.—It has been said that the Scottish dialect is peculiarly powerful in its use of *vowels*, and the following dialogue between a shopman and a customer has been given as a specimen. The conversation relates to a plaid hanging at the shop door:—

Cus.—(Inquiring the material,) Oo? (Wool?)
Shop.—Ay, oo. (Yes, of wool.)
Cus.—A' oo? (All wool?)
Shop.—Ay, a' oo. (Yes, all wool.)
Cus.—A' ae oo? (All same wool?)
Shop.—Ay, a' *ae* oo (Yes, all same wool.)

A little boy kneeling at his mother's knee, to say his evening prayer, asked leave to pray in his own words, and with a childlike simplicity, said—"God bless little Willie, and don't let the house burn up—God bless papa and mamma—God bless me, and make my boots go on easy in the morning."

Honorary Titles.—Dr. Beman, of the Presbyterian Assembly, says that colleges treat clergymen as farmers treat sheep—put what letters upon them they please; and when once the tar is on the wool, it is no use to try to wash it off.

A Poser.—At a Bible-class meeting held in Northern Vermont, some months since, the passage of Scripture describing our Saviour's ride into Jerusalem on 'an ass's colt,' was the subject under consideration, the worty pastor asked;

"For what purpose did the people throw branches of palm-trees in the way?"

This was a poser, but an old deacon ventured on an answer.

"I suppose," said he, "it was to sk'ere the colt."